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BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

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CAROLINA SPARTAN.

Written for the Carolina Spartan.

"SHE KICKED HIM."

BY J. F. G.

[CONCLUSION.]

Al! what is life, when the broken heart feels desolate and lone?

When the spirit's lot is a gilded woe, And the heart's sweet hope is gone?

Notwithstanding the temporary excitement into which our afternoon's adventure had thrown the entire company at the major's, we had no idea of postponing our party for the evening.

The rumbling of carriage-wheels over and anon was heard by me, as I busily made my toilet in my little room.

"What a man for tea parties is Major B.," I thought, "and how unfortunate it is for me, that I feel in so little humor to appreciate them just now."

Not wishing to enter the room in which the guests were assembling until I could get rid of my bad humor, I amused myself by promanaging the piazza.

Bless me! how very amusing it is just to witness the actions and appearance of some people.

Mr. Gass, with his French bows, and fearful shirt collar, and fancy "tights," looked as if he had just escaped from some bandbox.

Mr. Hifalutin looked most tremendously foreign, and foolish, and ferocious; while Miss Zephyr, who leaned upon his arm, appeared to have fed on nothing but slate pencils, novels, and German flutes for the last month.

"Oh! that some power the gift would give us, To see ourselves as others see us!"

But there were others beside these—children of nature, and partakers of all her beauty, life, and loveliness.

Maidens were there, whose mothers had been their teachers, guides, and guardians, and who were not abandoned to the lessons of Damas, James, and Sue for the performance of their parts in life.

And these—oh! these were beautiful! Not as the gaily sun flower; but as the lowly, sweet breath violet, beneath its leafy roof.

Having partially regained my usual cheerfulness, I proceeded to the hall, and was rather surprised on beholding so large an assemblage.

"Mr. E.," exclaimed the major, as I entered the room.

Mr. F. bowed—took a seat—felt like a fool—and wondered why the major introduced him in such a strange, and perhaps unbecoming manner.

My readers will want to know why I felt thus embarrassed, and I must, in justice to myself, state just here, that when the major mentioned my name as I entered the room, he made a most uncommonly low bow, as if I was some distinguished importation. The major was very much inclined at times to be witty, at others' expense; and upon this occasion, I must be pardoned for saying, that he made a fool of himself. Alice had observed my embarrassment, and in the kindness of her heart took a seat beside me, merely to make me feel at ease.

She certainly was the most beautiful girl at the party, and as beauty always attracts, I soon found myself in the midst of an agreeable circle of ladies and gentlemen, who had gradually gathered around Alice.

"Richard is himself again," I thought, as I began to recover from the effects of the major's untimely joke, and felt my embarrassment growing.

"Small by degrees, And beautifully so."

"Miss Alice will please favor us with one of her songs?" I asked.

"Excuse me, Mr. F., I really must decline."

"Now, Miss W.," said a conceited little fop, coming towards our circle, "it would be a great treat to us to have a company to us—ah! one of your songs."

"I regret that I feel unable to afford that pleasure, sir," replied Alice.

"Allow me to conduct you to the piano, Miss Alice," said I, rising and offering my arm.

Alice glanced at Bradford, who nodded assent to my proposition, and then accepted my services.

She had scarcely seated herself, before the major announced "Mr. Edward M.—n." His bow was cold, haughty, and dignified; his countenance pallid, his glance that of a madman.

"Alice," said the major, "come, play us something, dear."

"Really, uncle," she replied, "I must beg to decline, for I have practiced very little of late."

"Practiced!—why, Alice, you are no school girl to require practice—please play us something."

"I hope I have not intruded, Miss W.," said Edward, coming towards the piano.

"O no, sir, not at all; and, to prove the truth of my remarks, I will play a piece especially for you."

How Alice managed to get out such a reply to Edward I cannot imagine, for it was very evident that his presence was painful to her.

"Mr. M.—n.," said Bradford, coming towards him, "it affords me much—"

"After an introduction, sir, I may hear you," bitterly replied Edward; "but your presence and silence are as much as I can ask or desire just now."

Bradford fairly staggered at this galling repulse, and turned pale with mortification; for the whole company had heard Edward's words.

He seated himself without even a reply to Edward; but I trembled as I thought what would be the consequences of this scathing insult.

Alice looked much excited and pale, and knowing the unpleasantness of her position, I conducted her back to her seat in silence.

I was sorry that Edward had come, and exceedingly angry that he should have so far forgotten himself as to insult a guest of the major's, and that, too, without the slightest provocation.

"I must speak with the major," I thought, as I seated myself beside Alice.

An opportunity soon offered itself for speaking to the major, and I availed myself of it.

"It is morally impossible, major," said I, "that we can derive any pleasure from the party while Edward is present; for it is quite certain that he means to be both insulting and dangerous towards Bradford."

"You would not have me expel him from the house—would you?"

"No, not by any means; but do you not think that he would be quiet if you could speak to him on the subject?"

"Perhaps so, but I think it rather doubtful, for he does really appear to be beside himself."

About an hour or two after our conversation we managed to get Edward out upon the piazza, where the major kindly chid him for the impropriety of his conduct, and requested him to avoid using such severe language towards Bradford, as it tended not only to irritate him, but to make matters generally unpleasant and disagreeable to the entire party.

"Edward, my dear fellow," continued the major; "you are mistaken in supposing Bradford to be your enemy; for I assure you that he is enthusiastically anxious to become your friend."

"My friend!" exclaimed Edward, "and do you know so little of me, major, as to think me capable of calling that man my friend, who has basely trampled upon my very heart, and deprived me of that without which life is barren, serene, and wretched?"

"Does Bradford think me such a frozen-hearted coward and low-thoughted fool as to accept the offer of his friendship for the loss of the love of early life?—NEVER!"

"It is noble to forgive," I ventured to say.

"Oh! Mr. F.," replied Edward, "you are too cold for me, and make no allowances for a man's passions and affections; but it's all reason, no feeling; all head, no heart."

"You wrong me, Edward," said I; "indeed you do, for I have been almost altogether influenced by feeling in all that I have said at any time to you on this subject."

"Pardon me, Mr. F.," warmly replied Edward, "for I scarcely know what I am speaking about; but you, at least, might understand how more than impossible it would be to accept Bradford's offers of friendship. What would the world say?"

"The world? You are, or ought to be, far above the influences of its maxims and opinions."

"Ah! point me out the man that is, and I will show you millions who are not."

"Well, well," said the major, "all these things are foreign to the purpose for which I wished to speak to you, Edward."

"I ask only this, that for my sake you endeavor to restrain your feelings while among the company and in Bradford's presence—nay, for Alice's sake I ask it!"

"Then for her sake your request shall be granted," replied Edward, folding his arms, and entering the room.

"Come into my office just a few moments, Mr. F., while the company are dancing; I have something to show you," said the major, as soon as Edward had left us.

We proceeded together to the office, and the major, first locking the door, turned abruptly towards me and said:

"I tell you what, Mr. F., Edward is a wronged man, and Bradford is a designing villain."

"I agree with you, major, as regards Edward; but I am somehow inclined to differ with you about Bradford's character. I think him quite a high toned gentleman."

"So thought I," replied the major; "but stop." So saying, he unlocked a small box on the table, and taking therefrom a letter, he handed it to me, exclaiming:

"Read that!"

Judge of my surprise, dear reader, when I perused the following:

"J.—D. B.—n. Esq.:

"EDWARD SIR: I have learned that Mr. Edward M.—n. is an almost continual visitor at your house since my daughter has been your guest. I have my reasons for desiring, either that you forbid him to continue his presumptuous visits, or (if more convenient) that you send my daughter home by the next stage.

"Edward has already acted the villain towards an unsuspecting girl, and, under these circumstances, I not only wonder at your condescension in receiving his visits, but positively demand an instantaneous discontinuation of them while my daughter remains in S—."

"Say to Mr. Bradford that I received his letter, and will answer it in person in a manner unlooked for by a certain villain."

"Trusting that you will not misconstrue my motives in the premises, I remain,

"Respectfully, yours,

"G.—S. W.—n."

"Well!" I exclaimed, "did you ever know of such an insulting epistle, both to Edward and yourself, major?"

"I do not understand what Mr. W. means by 'presumptuous visits' and Edward having 'already acted the villain towards an unsuspecting girl,' wondering at my 'condescension' and alluding to 'a certain villain,'" said the major angrily.

"I really think, major, said I, "that this letter should be shown to Edward, as it contains a serious charge against him, which I do not hesitate to pronounce false."

"Mr. F.," said the major, much excited, "if I were a betting man, I would venture to wager my entire fortune that this story about 'an unsuspecting girl' was gotten up by Bradford, and was the main reason of Alice's sudden change toward Edward."

"Then, major, I think that he should be allowed an opportunity of defending himself from so foul a stain upon his fair character at once."

"I dare not show him the letter, Mr. F. in his present state of mind; it would do more harm than good."

"Then, sir, I shall inform Edward myself, and abide the consequences, be they what they may!"

"What!" exclaimed the major, rising from his seat and looking me full in the face, "do you mean to labor thus for bloodshed—and pshaw! don't be rash, boy! What possible good can you accomplish by telling this to Edward?"

"Why, major," said I, "you surprise me! You certainly would not allow Alice to entertain such an opinion of Edward, and know it to be false, and yet not undeceive her, or allow Edward to vindicate his character?"

"Mr. F., I will tell you how I shall act in this matter: I shall speak to Alice about it to-morrow, and endeavor to ascertain if this cruel charge against Edward was the cause of her mysterious change towards him. If I find that it is, I shall write to her father for particulars, which will enable me to investigate the matter myself, and vindicate Edward's name. If Mr. W. refuses to give me the necessary particulars, I shall show this letter to Edward, and abide all consequences."

"Major," said I, "do you think Edward knows anything of this matter?"

"I do not," replied the major, "for in all his conversations with me about Alice, he appears exceedingly anxious to know if she has ever mentioned any good reason for her change."

"Poor fellow!"

"True! such a man deserves pity, for he has been wronged most outrageously."

"Can we do nothing for him, major? Suppose we make the attempt."

"No, Mr. F.," replied the major, "that would be the height of folly on our part; to take my word for it, these interferences do more harm than good, however well-meant."

I was much surprised on my return to the party to find Edward apparently enjoying a conversation with one of the ladies.

It will not be of any particular interest to my readers, or I would dwell upon the events of the evening; but they were merely such as generally take place at a large and fashionable party. About midnight the company dispersed, and by the time the old town clock struck one all was silent.

I was busily engaged in packing my trunk, as I then intended to leave sometime during the next day.

"What an adventure have I passed through in S—!" I said to myself, as I took a seat beside the opened window and looked out upon the stars—

"Which are the poetry of Heaven?"

Then I thought of Edward and Alice, and wondered, until heart grew weary, how I could bring them together once more and forever.

Suddenly there broke upon the silent night a piercing shriek of unutterable horror, which reverberated throughout the old mansion like that of a lost spirit. I sprang to my feet, the heart's blood chilled, when louder still arose that shriek. Then I heard the slamming of doors, and the patter of feet in the hall, accompanied by the sound of confused voices, with alternate shrieks of several female voices. I opened my door just in time to hear several voices exclaim: "Fire! Fire! Fire!"

Quick as thought I rushed out of my room into the passage way, and, almost foisted by the smoke, I endeavored to find my way down the stairs into the dining room. I had scarcely put my feet upon the last step when the flames burst out behind me, and completely wrapped the entire stairway in fire. The old major threw his arms around me as I entered the dining room, and exclaimed:

"Thank God! you are safe."

Then, Oh! then arose a heart-chilling shriek from the story above us, which horrified our very souls.

"Eddie!" exclaimed Bradford, rushing from the room, and making his way for the stairs.

It may seem strange to those of my readers who have never been under the influence of such circumstances, that we should have forgotten Alice so long; but those who have passed through such scenes before will readily understand how it may have taken place.

The alarm of fire now became general, and the tinkling of the engine bells, and the quick strokes from the surrounding church steeples, soon drew out the entire male portion of the little town of S—.

The old major's fine mansion was now almost entirely enveloped in one living sheet of flame.

The house had been vacated by all but Alice and Bradford, for whose safety the major and myself trembled as we stood on the opposite side of the street.

Suddenly a deafening shout was raised by the multitude, and a cry for a ladder repeated by a thousand voices.

The old major suddenly exclaimed aloud: "See!—there they are!" and upon looking up I discovered Alice and Bradford upon the roof, his arms around her, and his ladder was reared up within a foot of them, and a dozen stout-hearted firemen ran up its quivering bars like so many squirrels. Bradford placed his feet upon the topmost bar, and was just about opening his arms to receive Alice, when the over-tasked ladder gave way, precipitating all upon it to

the ground, except Alice, who now clung alone to the smoking roof.

The fall of the ladder created much excitement, and drew off the attention of the firemen from poor Alice. Several firemen were injured by the fall from the ladder, but Bradford was taken up and borne off, with a broken arm and leg, and a severe fracture of the skull, perfectly insensible.

Another ladder was reared up against the house, and hearing poor Alice call my name, I rushed upon it, but what with the flames bursting from the lower story, and floods of water with which the firemen drenched me, I was soon brought to the ground.

"ALICE!" exclaimed a voice from the crowd, and the next moment Edward rushed upon the ladder, and plunged even into the intervening flame. The firemen drenched him in a moment, and barely saved him from the devouring flame that seemed eager for its prey. He had now reached the last story, and instead of continuing climbing to the roof, as all expected, he leaped into a window and disappeared from our view. Then came the breathless silence of suspense—not a sound was heard but the rise and fall of the engine breaks, not a word was heard, except in hollow whispers.

A few moments elapsed before Edward made his appearance on the roof, but Oh! what a shout was raised when his manly form appeared beside Alice.

"Another ladder!" quick!" exclaimed Edward—"and wet blankets!"

Several blankets were drenched in water, a rope attached to them, and a fireman ascended to the roof of an adjoining house, and by a fortunate throw succeeded in letting the end of the rope fall within reach of Edward.

He grasped it, and succeeded in drawing up the blankets, with which he completely covered Alice.

A ladder was then reared up where the flames were not so fierce, and amid the huzzas of the multitude Edward bore his precious charge in safety to the street.

A carriage was immediately ordered, and the major, Alice, and myself were driven in silence to Edward's home.

The dear old lady received us with marked kindness and hospitality, and embraced Alice with all the fondness of a mother.

Edward was very much burned, and though calm and uncomplaining, it was but too evident that he suffered much.

"Are you burned any, my poor child," asked Mrs. M.—n., as she put her arms around Alice's neck.

"No, not at all, Mrs. M.—n.," replied Alice, "your noble-hearted son took particular care that I should not be; but I fear he has been severely injured."

Edward was not present when Alice made that remark, or perhaps she would not have thus spoken.

Myself and the major returned to the fire, but all was but a mass of smoking ruins by the time we reached it.

How the fire originated I never heard, but very probably accidentally.

The next morning Alice was, as might be expected, dangerously ill. Edward was almost continually by her bedside, ministering to her wants, and doing all within his power to make her comfortable.

Bradford also was ill, and it was feared by his physician that he would not recover.

It was affecting to listen to poor Alice in her delirium; and Edward ever and anon would turn aside to weep when she smiled upon him and musically whispered—"dear Eddie."

But I must lower the curtain over my story, by observing that I left S— that afternoon, with the determination of writing, at some future day, a story entitled "She Kicked Him." You have read that story, dear reader, and may depend upon it as a simple and unvarnished statement of facts that really occurred.

And now, as is customary and proper, let me bring all the characters before you ere the curtain falls.

I have been asked by many readers of the "SPARTAN," "Did Edward finally marry Alice?" To such, and to all, I reply, that poor Edward now lies in the little churchyard at S—.

He became ill as Alice began to recover, was confined to a sick bed for many long weary months, lost his reason, and at last died a painful death.

His conduct, in twice saving the life of Alice, reached the ears of her father, who caused a beautiful monument to be erected over his grave, bearing the simple inscription—"EDDIE."

Bradford, contrary to all expectations, recovered his health, and is now the father of two beautiful children, whose mother is Alice.

The major lives with them now, and though still cheerful and happy, he is not what he was before the death of Edward, whom he loved as a son.

I will venture to add just here a portion of a letter received from the good-hearted old man about two weeks before the first part of this story appeared:

"Mr. J.—F.—G.—"

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND: I write you this under very peculiar circumstances—such as recall the past—with its mingled associations of happiness and sadness—light and shadow.

"I am growing old now, and realize the vanity of all which is earthly, and the importance of everything which is heavenly and eternal.

"I want last week to see the monument which Mr. W. erected over the grave of my poor young friend Edward. It is a beautiful thing, but I question the propriety of doing so much for the poor boy now, when he is beyond the reach of the influences of kindness, since during his lifetime Mr. W. did all he could to injure him.

"Alice is the same sweet and affectionate creature as ever. She often speaks of Edward, and of her early life in connection with him.

"Bradford is a kind and intelligent husband, and a devoted father. He, too, often speaks of Edward, and regrets that he con-

tributed so much to his unhappiness. Ah! F., these are but vain regrets now! The world may say what it pleases, but I tell you honestly, that love is no trifle, and should never be looked upon or thought of but as a holy, sacred, and heaven sanctioned thing.

"Dear F., never trifle with the human heart—it is a tender thing."

Reader, farewell—

"I have no parting sigh to give— So take my parting smile."

Judge O'Neill's Reminiscences.

From a report of Judge O'Neill's late lecture, as furnished by the South Carolinaian, we take some extracts of general interest. The lecture itself was most interesting and instructive.

Turning to the report before us, we have the South Carolina College. On the 19th of December, 1801, was passed the act to establish a College at Columbia, which has scattered light and knowledge like the ray of the morning sun all over the State. To it I, and most of the others known to the history of the State since 1800, owe much of what we have been or still are. I first saw and entered its walls in 1811. Like Columbia, the South Carolina College was then in its infancy. Two college buildings, a president's house, and a tenement house for two professors, and a students' hall, were all which were provided for education.

Look now upon the campus, filled with buildings, and the magnificent College Hall looming up in the street—and ask, has education kept pace with the princely expenditure on the part of the State? I hope so.

In February, 1811, I first saw the President, Dr. Maxcy—the Professors, Brown, Park, Perrault—and the Tutor, Gregg. This Faculty would now seem to be a slender provision for a college, yet they were ripe scholars, good men, faithful teachers, and many a grateful heart has turned and still turns to them, acknowledging the benefit conferred.

May I be indulged a moment in recalling the friends and preceptors of my youth. Dr. Maxcy was first in the college, and first in the affections of his pupils. When seen in repose there was nothing remarkable in his appearance; but when he began to speak, even in common conversation, genius flashed from his eyes, and every lineament of his face unfolded the man among men. In his lecture room he was the light of science and knowledge; difficulties in metaphysics vanished at his touch, and belles lettres was shown to be the handmaid of criticism, eloquence and grace. In the pulpit he was indeed the preacher of righteousness—he might have spoken hour upon hour, and none would have perceived the flight of time. As the President, none ever commanded more respect from even thoughtful boys, and at Commencement grave Senators admired this graceful, venerable preceptor, as he delivered the diplomas and pronounced his *ea gerens*, and finally hung, with his weeping graduates, upon his farewell address. He is, however, gone—forever gone—from earth; few remain who can say "I knew Jonathan Maxcy."

The Rev. John Brown was Professor of Logic and Moral Philosophy. He was one of the original Trustees of the South Carolina College. He taught and preached on the Lord's day in the College Chapel for a short time after I entered the College, and then became the President of Franklin University of Georgia. He was a clear-headed, faithful teacher.

Thomas Park was Professor of Greek and Latin Languages. Kind old friend, who does not honor thy name! None, I am sure, who ever were within the College walls. Your President will bear witness with me to his valuable services, and to the almost idolatrous affection with which he watched over it. He will remember how earnestly and affectionately he sought us to end our rebellion, in 1812, against Professor Blackburn, and how, at last, at his entreaty, it was compromised in the lecture room by that remarkable treaty, "let me alone and I'll let you alone!"

Professor Perrault fell here remember; he was the Professor of Mathematics, a lively Frenchman, and I presume a good mathematician. But my acquaintance with him was slight, very slight; for his place was soon vacated, and my much esteemed friend Col. James Gregg, then a tutor in the College, filled his chair temporarily. Col. Gregg has so recently passed from among us—has so lately ascended to his Father and our Father to claim the reward of a life without reproach, that I need no more than say, that he was one of your city fathers, to whose memory you owe more than I fear you will ever pay.

The chair of Chemistry was first filled during my collegiate course. Charles De-war Simon entered upon its duties, and never did any beginning argue so much prospective usefulness. His lectures and experiments filled the students with enthusiasm. Chemistry was then in its infancy, and Professor Simon was constantly followed—his lecture room was constantly filled, and Professor Simon was constantly the idol of the College. But, alas, how vain are human expectations. In February, 1812, he was drowned in attempting to cross Haughabook's swamp. The members of the Clarosopic Society erected a monument to his memory in St. Philip's church, Charleston. It perished in the fire which consumed that building in 1833.

SHARPERS IN UTAH—If Utah has its saints, it also has its sharpers. Brother Brigham Young, high priest and first president of the Mormon Council of Latter Day Saints at Great Salt Lake City, and acting Governor of Utah Territory, thus denounces some of the carnal minded of the brethren: "We can pick out elders in Israel right here who can beat the world at gambling, who can handle the cards, can cut and shuffle them with the smartest rogue on God's footstool. I can produce elders here who can shave their smartest shavers, and take their money from them. We can beat the world at any game." That will do. We give in to the Saints at Utah.

The Model Editor.

Gets up at 5 o'clock in the morning; kisses his wife and the babies all round; and seats himself at the table, after washing and shaving in cold water, with a smiling countenance—unless his lips are chapped. Complains that the bread is too light and delicious, and the coffee is so delectable that it shall have a puff in his paper. Eats everything with a good relish, and compliments his wife several times during the meal. Bids her an affectionate good-bye, with another kiss all round, goes with a light heart to his office. Apologizes to his office boy because there is no fire—likewise smilingly informs him that the office has not been opened to be saucy in reply. Sends for his exchanges, and lays them obligingly open on a table, for the use of his friends and the public generally. His clerk tells him he has made a little mistake, by which the office will lose a hundred dollars. Editor blandly requests him not to do it again, as it is *inconvenient* for him to lose money. Devil calls for copy; editor hands him the package of "model contrition," tied up with blue ribbon; devil pockets the ribbon, and tells him he is green; editor pockets the installment. Musical director calls to know if the editor will transfer a puff of six columns, and accept a ticket at half price. Editor obligingly remarks that he shall be happy to do so. Musical director wants to know if he will write a puff of the concert before-hand; editor intimates that he will be happy to furnish one hundred and sixty copies of the paper; editor says he shall be happy to do so. Musical director wishes to know if he will loan him his desk, pen, ink and paper, and a postage stamp; polite editor intimates that he shall be happy to do so, (by standing up three quarters of an hour, while musical director writes six letters,) and endeavoring to read a paper up side down. Musical director takes his leave with three bows, the last one nearly overturning a lady who is entering the door. Lady blushes and looks very interesting; sits down and takes out her handkerchief. Lady prepares to cry, and editor becomes sympathetic. Lady says she has lost her all, and has six children beside, dependent on her exertions. Editor feels fatherly. Lady declares that she can work at nothing else but writing, and takes out manuscript five yards long, (good measurement), letting fall a few tears, as she asks if the editor will correct *all mistakes*. Editor says "certainly," and tries to read, but cannot, because there is not a capital letter in MS. In fact, he sees at first it is not a *capital* thing, but can't bear to hurt her feelings. Lady relieves herself by a few more tears, and asks the editor if he can advance a few dollars for her immediate wants. Editor says he shall be happy to do so, and pays the money over. Lady dissolves in tears, and editor places MS. on the fire.

The model editor reads his exchanges—if any are left by noon—patiently. Like a man diving down through the ocean to find a solitary pearl; so he dives into the sea of ink, to find a solitary idea; and when found, he adopts it. Nobody is going to hunt through five hundred exchanges, to see if he has ever read it before. While he is thus busy, he divides his attention between two politicians, four duns, twenty new subscribers, sixteen